THE FASHION OF THE WORLD.

If Passeth Away, and Last Year's Dresses Are Out of Date;

BUT FEMININE RESOURCE

Avails to Modernize Old Skirts and Save Back-Number Gowns.

Modes in New Aftire Run Both to Gala and ham-Latter-day Crusades, Alas so Contess Against Beauty's Steel-barred Foen, Corsete and Crinoline-Girls of the Period; Some Take Up the Romantic Pensive Fad; One, Originally Garbed, De les the Gotham Mud; Another Makes a Study of Ugitness; Fortunately, Most Are Content to be Simply and Naturally Charming-Fancy Dress-Hints to Host esses, and Other Interesting Information

Only a duchess can afford to carry her own bundles. Only a queen of the realm may wear a gown passé in style. How unfortunate, then, that in the revival of archmological moder here cannot be reinstated the primitive cus tom of perpetuity in style! The fair and graclous chatclaine, whose costume inspires the mode of the modern aristocracy of mammon. wore her robe of splendid brocade, all branch'd and flower'd with gold," to many s tournament and banquet. Her maidens



not like the princess in the fair perpetually "ripping, snipping, cut ting and contriving" to keep up with the whims of a mode gone mad. The gentlewoman of the Victorian era kept her one Sunday gown of silk a decade. with only turning the breadths of the skirt and fresh touch of lace at the wrist. But now the fowns of last summer are without form or comeliness, though beautiful and costly in design and material. "Alas! how easily things go wrong!" We sigh as we reflect on their scanty breadths and narrow circumference. Still perplexity is the inspiration of resource, and in the Louis XVI. model, now very much in evidence among ultra fashionable women who



have already exhausted the empire and have not yet accepted the ugliness of the 1830 styles. there are hope and help for the back-number rown. The waist of the Louis XVL gown has a point in front and at the back, and about its lower edge is gathered the fulness of the akirt opening over a breadth of material, con-trasting with the rost of the dress. Because the skirt is shorter than those of last season the back breadths may be shortened at the top, thus increasing the fulness at the belt. The fulcover the hips as well. Out of date China silks brocades, and figured material of all kinds are well adapted to this style, the front bre being of shot satin or heavy corded silk trimmed in straight bands across the botton The sleeves may match the breadth inserted and have balloon puffs at the top slashed over the contrasting color. The dress given is an ele-



gant affair for dinner wear of Marie Antoinette brocade in pale heliotrope and green on a ground of white. The front breadth is sho green and lavender satin, the trimming gold galloon set with lavender mock jewels. An other elever way to modernize an old skirt is to let out the plaited fulness at the back to gathers, shorten the trail, always cutting away at the top instead of the hem, and trim the skirt to the belt with ruffles or puffings o the pretty thin materials in vogue. One o brown cords has a succession of these ful in brown creps to the hips, and codice joined to the skirt beneath a cord of turquoise valvet, turquoise velvet puffs for sleeves, and puff-like bretelles crossing the shoulders. Old colored allk gowns are most advantageously used as linings for the great variety of thin materials which are used for evening gowns now, and will be much em-ployed in the making of gowns for aummer wear. The mode is one which lends itself gracefully to all kinds of wash materials, and, as it is borrowed from the days when muslins and lawns and dimities were the
favorite materials of dainty belies, it
is well to be prepared with any quantity of
those pretty little frocks whose simplicity of
design is quite within the province of the
home dressmaker. Copying a late gown worn
by a French demoiselie and fashloned of
silk muslin, pale blue, with a partern of rosebuds over a pink and bine shot silk, one sees
that already the skirts are shortened considembly, showing the satin elippers and bine
silk stockings, with medalilons of lace
and embroidery over the instep and on the
ankle. The decoration is an odd arrangement
of feathers, set on above the hem and finishing the low neek. A girdle of black satin
ribbon wound about the waist three times
and tied in a rosette atone side puts the unmistakable French touch to the dress. The
tiny fan, where painted cupids swing in rose
weaths on dove-colored clouds, has a sweet
old-time air quite in keeping with the simple
and youthful dress.

However, one may not always wear gala
dress, even if it is almost extravagant not to
do so when one has so many half-worn gowns



pining upon the closet hooks to be made into linings. And here is an idea for a working dress of slik gingham, which looks so like the gingham slik that costs three times es much and will not wash. This particular sephyr has a clear pink stripe of slik or something that closely resombles it, alternating with a stripe of chine gray and pink curves and spirals all twisted in together. A two-inch ruffle, with a puff above of the gingham, edges the skirt, Another runs parallel with it a quarter of a yard above, and two others follow. Three ruffles, one above the top one falling over the sleeve, which is set in quite off the point of the shoulder. A folded belt of satin ribbon confines the fulness of the waist. And here is a cheviot, quite quaintand odd enough to be unmistakably new. The shoulder seams, cut down well over the point of the shoulder, give an unfamiliar slant to the little cape which finishes the hodica



beauty; with conquests unnumbered and lovers galore, to put on with a gown the personality of some royal woman, rich in sweet, attractive grace, is to have a vacation from one's own



limitations and prosaic graces that is delight fully intoxicating in its effect, like the effervescence of champagne. But to achieve novity and distinction in fancy dress is not easy in these days of Renaissance, when portrait galleries and libraries are ransacked by fashion makers, when the maid in the areaway wears the replica of a court lady's gown done in velveteen, when the milliner's apprentice affects the Duchess of Devonshire hat, and everybody models her morning wrappers after the cress in which Josephine was crowned. But the Roumanian dress, with its fringes and bright embroideries, is pictur-



esquely unfamiliar. The zouave of velvet, braided with gold; the turned-down collar of linen; the full waist of sheef lawn; the tiny hat, with the engle's feather. The military dress, too, is striking and brilliant on just the right kind of a woman, with the true Daughter of the Regiment dash and sparkle. It may be of the blue of the United States soldier's uniform or of the scariet worn by Brit-

ish regiments, and is brilliant with gold braid and buttons. gorgeous tassels, and a general resplendence of tinsel. The ex-eye dalay, brown-eyed Susans, as the children call the yellow daisles with the brown yelvet centres,



is an attractive gown for a brown-eved beauty. The bodice is of brown velvet, the skirt of long, narrow petals of Liberty tissue in reliow, failing over a petticoat also of yellow. Yellow slik daisles make epaulets on the shoulder and an odd little headdress. The fan, too, is a daisy, and the slippers are yellow, with stockings of brown.



wires. A transparent globe, crossed many times with wire and lighted with electricity inside, surmounts a staff wired round about, and a crown of colored electric lights flishes in the colifure of the maiden daring enough to wear the battery concealed beneath her wings of silver gauze. Fortunate indeed is the maid or matron whose brilliancy of beauty, keen flashes of wit, radiant eye, and general scintillation of charm supplement the costume.

SHE BEAT THE MUD AND WEATHER, Did this Gotham Young Woman, With Her Inventive and Daring Costume,

There is one young woman in Gotham who neither spoiled her disposition nor ruined her best silk petticoats in the last week's thaw. She was tripping up Broadway with a serenity singularly in contrast to the irritation neticeable in most women's marner in those days so trying to the soul. Her dress was exceedingly smart and essentially feminine. As

she lifted it above the pavement firmly in one The sleeves have double puffs at the elbow and little ruffes falling over a fitted cuff of satin. The bodice underneath the cape, at least so much of it as shows, is all of satin. And the big flathat, with its drooping brim, is a perfect copy of the leghorn hats worn fitty years gard. The whole costume might have been reproduced in Godey's along in the lorties and seemed less unusual than it does to-day.

THE CHARM OF FANCY DRESS,

What Joy to Woman to Pose for the Hour as a Queen or Famous Beauty—And What Dress 60 Striking as the Roumanian!

Fancy dress is always piquantly attractive to women. To pose for an hour as some famous beauty; with conquests unnumbered and lovers galors, to put on with a gown the personality

Characteristics of Woman Writers, hand you caught a glimpse of the frills, now a

If the theories about sex in art, the lack of the artistic impulse in women, and all the rest of it be true, it seems singular that of all the women scribes who have written under men's signatures, from George Sand and George Ellot to John Strange Winter, Charles Egbert Craddock and their contemporaries, not one has been suspected by her reviewers of being a woman until her identity has been revealed by her friends. Another peculiarity of the woman writer is in her just and sympathetic conception of the man's character, describing him not as a god of supreme power and majesty, or a viliain of consummate treachery and guilt, but rather an intensely human, lovable creature whom it was a delight to forgive for such sins of omission and commission as the average man is prone to fall into, the average woman, Ibsen to the contrary notwithstanding, resuly to condone. Egbert Craddock and their contemporaries,

THE CRINOLINE INVADER.

Women's Desperate Efforts to Keep Outside Its Steely Circumference

Dancing airly and deflantly in a fashionable shop on the avenue may be seen the dreaded monsters of steels and tape which have caused greater panie in Christendom than Caprivi's speech on the Army bill. Gladstone's home rule bill, or Cleveland's embryo Cabinet and tariff policy. Mrs. Stannard's (John Strange Winter's) large and powerful insur-rectionary league which she is pledging to rectionary league which she is pledging to resist the invasion of the crinoline, now numbers about 8,000. The Queen has been appealed to for her support, and has replied through her Minister in diplomatic ianguage:

"Sir Henry Ponsonby bars to inform Mrs. Arthur Stannard that her letter of the 12th has been laid before the Queen, but that her Majesty can express no opinion on the subject which she has in view."

Doubtless Parliament will be petitioned to pass regulations on the new mode, and if that august body acts with its usual ponderous deliberation, the crinoline craze will have come and gone before the statutes be modified to embrace it.

to embrace it.

The idea of women forming a league against themselves, to protect themselves from themselves, is on a par with the woman who wrote and mailed to herself a number of postal cards every day to remind her of certain things she wanted to remember.

A HINT TO ENTERTAINERS. The Hostess Should Be Both Well Informed

and a Good Listener. Once upon a time, as the fairy stories say, there lived a rare and gracious gentlewoman of the stately old school, in a town cut off from the great centres of activity. Her weekly dinners were the most brilliant affairs of the village. Her evenings at home were suggestive of a salon. It was in the days of slow posts and weekly journals; days when the mistress of the house was allowed in her kitchen, and a roasted hostess, fresh from the range, flurried and duil, was the common feature of the dinner. Not so with this gracious dame. Early in the day her simple preparations in the kitchen were finished; then, with orders not to be disturbed, she turned the key of her bedroom, brushed the pastry from her delicate old hands, and as she said. "Made ready for company." For two or three hours she read all the available news of the day, looked over bon mots and anecdotes illustrative of contemporary events, and when the guests were assembled led the conversation from topic to topic with a brilliancy marvellous for the time and place. But modern demand is more keen and relentless. There must be more courses at the fin de sicele dinner. A thousand petty cares and obligations distract the modern bostews. And in anticipation of the need of the time there has arisen a good fairy to do the "getting ready for company" which the old lady accomplished for herself, is it a politician's dinner, then a cultivated, well-read woman, for a fixed amount, will talk ture of the dinner. Not so with this gracious

with you of the annexation of Hawaii and the Home Rule bill, the national guarantine and rabid transit and the rest. Are there literary people at the banquet, she posts you on the lines in which your guests are most interested, tells you the latest gossip, talks of the new books, perhaps reads to you while you do your hair or rest for half an hour. When women cannot afford this sort of laxury alone they go into it on the cooperative plan, have weekly meetings, and are informed on the current topics of the time. Busy housewives, even of goodly means, have rarely time for the leaders and editorials, the long reports of impertant topics, and the brisk, bright women who make this sort of work a business grasp the salient points and tell you in half an hour what one could scarcely read in half a day. Besides, all a woman wants to know on a subject to entertain a man is just enough to ask questions and keep him talking. An intelligent listener always strikes a man as a brainy individual, particularly if the listener be a woman. The woman who knows it all, who has well-grounded opinions, logical processes of reasoning, gets herself disliked by the

A CRUSADE AGAINST CORSETS. This is in England, Where Tight Lacing

A great crusade has been organized in England against the prevalent sin of tight lacing. English girls seem to be divided into two classes, those of the strong-minded type, with no waist at all, and those whose waists are laced down by strong-handed maids to most unnatural sienderness. That happy medium attained by the healthy-souled average American girl who, if she wears a corset, can bend down to put on her own rubbers, and if she doesn't wear a

rubbers, and if she doesn't wear a corset has her clothes so fitted that you would never know the omission seems to be unknown among the English girls, whose splendid health and physique are always held up as models to our more delicate girls. Most interesting developments are brought to light under the investigation of the crusaders. Among the letters one civilized barbarian writes:

"I live with a relative who insists that I must reduce my waist to seventeen inches, or no man will marry me. What would be the best kind of corsets, or would it be a good thing to wear a leather belt strapped on underneath them? Shall I sleep in the corset and tighten it every day?" Another woman writes:

"A friend of mine has a wonderfully slender figure, which she says is the result of her mother's putting a tight flaunch band around her when she was a year old, a tight corded waist at six, and a tightly laced bond corset at thirteen."

"I am a confirmed tight lacer," writes

waist at six, and a tightly laced boned corset at thirteen."

"I am a confirmed tight lacer," writes another poor, misguided woman, "and enjoy the feeling so much. I am tall add rather inclined to stoutness, though I hever let my waist exceed seventeen inches night or day. My maid can sometimes lace me in to 10% inches if I have no brenkfast, but I cannot walk out doors. The feeling is delicious though painful when I sit in a drawing room. I cannot eat, of course, but while the other girls get flushed and hot I am pals and cool. Do you think a permanent steel belt would keep my complexion like that? One of my sisters wears a steel zone night and day."

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

She Has Fortitude Unbounded, Yet Now In Clines to Pensive Ways,
There seems to be a mode in maladies as

well as in manties, styles in suffering as novelties in dress. Just at the present time it isn't fashionable to have any physical ailment unless it is something vague and peculiar under the general name of "nerves," and the odd thing about it is that it is only the more robust and vigorous women, so far as looks are an in-dication of virility, that have this nervous

and vigorous women, so far as looks are an indication of virility, that have this nervous prostration perpetually on hand. If a woman looks pale and delicate she never will admit that she is not strong. The fin-de-siècle girl glories in bearing physical vain without a complaint. She will seat herself in the dentist's or oculist's chair as unconcernedly as if posing for the photogranher and submit to the most painful operations without a groan; in fact, assuring the operation "that it really was less painful than she expected." A car driver would cry like a baby if subjected to half as much suffering.

But we are returning to the days of sloping shoulders, of parted pensive tresses, of fulness and frivolity in dress. The up-to-date girl is sweetly submissive, not smart and self-reliant. She wears flowers in her hair, and occasionally even ventures in what the girl in the old novels is always doing, putting a roae in her bosom, your rose that you have given her. And she does it with such a, shy and modest little blush. Now the question is, will the "vapors" and "swoons" and "sobbings" of that period come in again? The Amelias and Delias and Carolines of that day were always in a dead faint over something. They fainted for joy and fainted for sorrow. A girl of that time swooned off when her lover proposed, and when she came to she was always lying in his arms, and, of course, it was all over, and no use trying to tell a follow about being a sister to him after that.

There was another feature about this swooning fit of the old-time heroine, and that was that her dearest friend was always within call with the selesors to cut her corset laces. How is any one in this time of hidden hooks ever to loosen a bodies before the heroine passes over the border line in her faint? It will be rather difficult for the modern girl, who has trained herself to smile when her heart, to conceal her joy and preserve her serenity alize through death or divorce, to learn this graceful art of collapsing at just the proper time to bring a

serenity alike through death or divorce, to learn this graceful art of collapsing at just the proper time to bring a wary suitor to his knees. There's something dangerous to a chivairous man's theories against marriage to find himself suddenly with his arms full of limp, sighing, pale-faced girihood. He is more apt to call her pretty names than he would be if she stood radiant and defiant before him, apparently ready to laugh at his endearments.

INTERESTING INFORMATION.

Elizabeth S. Chadbourne, a Boston elocutionist who studied her profession in the days when Georgia Cayvan began to prepare for her career, is the leading spirit and founder of Parksley in Virginia. When Miss Chadof Parksley in Virginia. When Miss Chadbourne first visited and recognized the possibilities of the fertile peninsula which had been practically closed to the world until about five years ago, a single farmhouse with a station composed the town. Game was left to the city sportsman, soft-shelled crabs fed the hogs whose flesh was the staple product and food of the peninsula. Now there is a flourishing town, with broad streets, pretty houses, and great prospects, owned by a stock commany of which Miss Chadbourne is Secretary. Treasurer, and largest shareholder. She is also the inside worker who interests people to invest. She understands all kinds of leases, deeds, Ac. and can make out an agreement on the spot which all the quibbles of the lawyers cannot circumvons. In this day when so many fletsey Trotwoods are born that should be Davids, and when there aren't anywhere near Barkless enough to go round, every successful departure from the crowded walks of teaching and sewing is of value and interest.

"One of the greatest boons which will result from the industrial emancipation of woman," according to Mr. Carroll D. Wright, "will be the frank admission on the part of the true and the frank admission on the part of the true and chivalric man that she is the sole rightful owner of her own being in every respect, and that whatever companionship may exist between her and man shall be as thoroughly henorable to her as to him. Specifically she will be able to use her mind under conditions which have brought success to her father and brother. In callings where men surpass women, women will be obliged to ahandon the field; but where services are performed with equal skill and integrity by both there will come honestcompetition and an equalization of compensation."

In Ellen Terry's beautiful home in South Kensington there stands over ready a basket full of garments to be made for the poor. Whenever the intimate friends of the great whenever the intimate friends of the great actress run in for the woman's five minutes' call, which always spoits the morning. Miss Terry produces her basket, and while they chat the caller must busy herself with knitting or sewing or crocheting. The number of garments which are sent out finished each year are the best kind of an illustration of how much time the modern woman spends holding her hands.

Carmen Sylva's gift to the new Princess of Roumania, who will one day succeed the popular Queen, was an exquisite book with leaves of mother-of-pearl, each inscribed and illumiof mother-of-pearl, each inscribed and illuminated by the royal artist. The book is bound in gold, the cover studed with precious stones. The bride has journeyed up to Neuwied to see her suffering and unhappy mother-in-law, and the Queen herself proposed the toast of long life and happiness to the wedded pair, though all who are conversant with the affairs at court know that the illness and wretchedness of the Queen have been brought about by the interference of the authorities between the Crown Prince and her friend. It is also said that the Queen can live but a short time, though possibly this rumor is without warrant in facts.

There is in England a new guild, appropriately dedicated to St. Mary and St. Martha. composed of religious and educated women, who, after a period of training and probatio are sent out on the plan of visiting purses to relieve the overworked, long-suffering mar-tyrs, the housewives and home makers, in every kind of domestic emergency. They are trained in cooking, nursery work, laundry duties, plain dressmaking, and are willing to do anything they can to assist those to whom they go from religious motives. Consequently, when the worn and weary mother in the household is ill or when the children are sick, when death comes into the family, unexpected guests appear, and complications arise, the new Sister of Morcy comes in and assumes the responsibilities for a blessed interval while the domestic machinery gots readjusted. To the tired housewife they are veritable Sisters of Mercy and of far more practical benefit to the community than cloistered nuns, spending their days in prayer and penance.

There is no accounting for tastes in this topsy-turvy world. A New York woman wears a ring in which is set in a circle of diamonds a ring in which is set in a circle of diamonds her first baby's first tooth. A London lady of high degree wears set in the jewels of her bracelet a tooth extracted from the mouth of her net poodle. Another affectionate creature uses the skin of a once favorite horse as a hearth rug for her boudoir, and has a defunct pot pug mounted in a life-like attitude busthe taxidermist for an ornament on her writing table.

The young women of Vassar are rehearing the "Antigone" of Sophoeles for public pre-sentation in Poughkeepsie. Students of Greek will be pleased to learn that the young women will make use of the very latest theories in rewill make use of the very latest theories in regard to the Greek stage and drama, and doubtless settle forever the discussion as to the arrangement of the Greek stage, which Oxford savants have been discussing so exhaustively. Life will assume new and beautiful import for us all once it be definitely determined how the Greeks staged their dramas. The amusing thing about the Vassar giris elucidation of the question is that in Athens, where the "Antigone" was written, no women were allowed to appear on the stage at all.

It is extremely courteous in the English Queen and her daughters to send as their offering to the Columbian Fair specimens of their handlwork. The Queen sends a bit of linen spun and woven by herself and some linen spun and woven by herself and some sketches and water colors. Princess Christian contributes embroidery and a sallor's jersey knitted by herself. A richly carved chair of her own handlwork is sent by the Princess of Wales, and her daughters have executed specimens of beaten brass work to show the technical handicrafts taught in the Sandringham School. There are water colors from the other daughters of the Queen's family. So much talent and such commendable industry are not often found in the American family of high social place.

One of the women in Washington distinguished for intellectual gifts is Mrs. New-comb McGee, daughter of the noted astronomer, who has the bonor of being the second woman elected a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and also a member of the Authropological Society. She was graduated in medicine from the Columbian University, and is now at work in the Johns Hopkins Hospital. She has visited with her father all the great observatories of Europe, and now accompanies her husband on his geological exceditions, on one occasion making the trip from New Orleans to Kentucky on horseback. Her scientific writings are numerous and profound. mer, who has the honor of being the second

Women ambitious for the ballot and their supporters agree that the greatest enemy of equal suffrage is the man whose wife supports the family while he loafs about the

Rosa Bonheur's house at Fontainebleau is alive with pets of all kinds-dogs and sheep, even horses and goats, creatures famous for beauty or pedigree, remarkable for variety of species, or simply faithful companions and friends.

Miss Louise Aldrich Blake of England has nchieved the highest distinction as a student in medicine ever won by a woman. She has taken a "double first" in the examinations at the London University, not by special cram-ming, but by systematic, persevering work throughout the entire course. Mme. Brochard, sub-superintendent of the

Lenon Hospital, has received the ribbon of the Legion of Honor for faithful service during the cholera epidemic. She is such a diffident woman that she could not at first be per-suaded to wear the insignia openiy, but con-cealed the red ribbon beneath a fold of her dress, insisting that she had no better right than those around her to be singled out for the honor. A great controversy has been agitating the Milan Philological Society concerning the ad-

mission of women. One great and famous doctor, a leader of the opposition to women, con-tended that women members in the scolety would be scarecrows to an imature and studi-ous men who seek to be far from the world and its distractions, while for young men their presence would be perilously attractive. Elizabeth Cady Stanton says that the first

Pilgrim to set foot on Plymouth Rock was a A prominent woman doctor of Birmingham

goes her rounds on a tricycle in a neat and pleasing dress equally suited for the sick room or the saddle. In Boston suburbs wo-men go calling and shopping on safeties.

He Never Came Back. From Judge.

Clara-Why has Fanny Finnimaker's wedding been postponed?
Maude-They sent the groom down town to match the wedding ribbon.

A HALF-BREED INDIAN HEIRESS. A Girt of Eighteen who May Come Into Pos-session of a Miner's Millions.

From the San Francisco Chronicla.

PHENIX. Jan. 22.-One of the most interesting cases that have ever been in litigation in the West is now before the Supreme Court of this Territory. It is the contest for the fortune of John D. Walker, perhaps the first white man who ever lived in the country, and the truth, as it has been developed in the last few months, reads like a fairy tale.

John D. Walker came to this country in 1854 and took up his residence among the Pima Indians, on the Gila River. He assumed their dress and customs, and was finally admitted as a member of the tribe. He continued to grow in favor with them until he shared all the secrets of their medicine men, and later was

as a member of the tribe. He continued to grow in favor with them until he shared all the secrets of their medicine men, and later was made their war chief. The Indians are very superstitious respecting mines, and never reveal the locality of one to a white man, but in this instance, through the medicine men, Walker learned the locality of the famous "Vekal, which is a l'ima word meaning "the mother of silver." When the white people came into the country he began working the property, and at the time of his death had taken out several millions.

Walker originally came from Illinois, and he left two brothers there who came out to help him spend the money as soon as they heard of his good fortune. It seems, however, that they had kicked him out at home, and he did not take kindly to them when they put in an appearance in Arizona. Finally their quarrel became so bitter that he ordered them away. They still remained in the country, expecting death to give them what he refused to part.

When Walker departed from Illinois he left a sweetheart, to whom he vowed eternia fealty. It seems that he did not acquire fortune fast enough, else he was not always prompt in writing to her, for she soon married a young physician in her pative town. After living with him twenty years and giving birth to several children, all of whom died, her husband left her a widow. When Walker achieved his great fortune he remembered the sweetheart of his younger days, and, by writing to the Postmaster of the little town, learned that she was still alive. He then addressed letters to her, renewing the proposal of his youth, and asking her to meet him in Arizona, where heart of his younger days, and, by writing to the Postmaster of the little town, learned that she was still alive. He then addressed letters to her, renewing the proposal of his youth, and asking her to meet him in Arizona.

About this time Walker's brothers discovered the course he was taking, and seeing the young the was confined for some time. He finally escaped, and coming hack

Matrimonal Confusion-to-Law, From the Indianapolis Journal.

CHAMPAION, Ill., Jan. 30. - John Kleunnan has been working for John Miller in West Lincoln township. Kieunnan became enamored of a daughter of his employer, and the maiden reciprocated the affection, but Farmer Miller resolutely forbade the marriage. The lover resolutely forbade the marriage. The lover then went to town and had a warrant sworn out for the arrest of his intended father-in-law. The daughter was then summoned as a witness, and while the father was waiting for the trial the couple quietly elipped around the corner to a Justice and were married. The suit against the old man was dismissed.

A reculiar feature about this marriage is that Mr. Miller married his son-in-law's sister, and now Mr. Kleunnan is a brother-in-law to his father-in-law and a brother to his mother-in-law. He is a son-in-in-w to his sister, and also a son-in-law to his brother-in-law. The bride is a sister-in-law to he sister, and mother, and should children bless the union she would be a cousin to her children. She is band. The grandfather and mother will address their children as nieces and nephews, and the little tots will have the privilege of being half-cousins to themselves.

WHEN A WOMAN LOVES.

What One Man Thinks He Knows About the Infinite and Unknowable. From the London World.

When a woman loves severely she begins to be unlovable. For she begins to be unreasonable, and, for her great love's sake, to do her best to make miserable the all too fortunate winner of her affections. She insists upon accusing him of virtues which he knows are not included in his character, and taxing him with failings of which he is just as completely innocent, and with that intolerable iteration which is supposed by women to be some sort of argument. The result is that the man begins in time to

believe that he is good where he is not, and to turn bad simply because she says he is so

already. He may be as faithful as a mullet ("for chaste love the mullet hath no peer"). but she will worry him by the assiduity of her suspicions, and her consequent lamentations, out of the secure highway of connubial affection into the hazardous bypaths that lead past other men's orchards to the Tom Tiddler's Ground of the Divorce Court. Simply because cuse when on occasion he attempts a reason able discussion of their misunderstandingsshe will make his bad seem good to him and make his good become bad, till the seven take possession of him, and, like one of the bodevilled swine of Gadara, he rushes violently down a steep place into the sea. She has no wicked intentions whatever. On the contrary, her intentions are all detestably good. And when the man rakes

whatever. On the contrary, her intentions are all detestably good. And when the man rakes his mind for some reason for his own misdemeanorrs, he can remember nothing better than that she "drove him to it." Which is a poor excuse: yet true enough. So gardeners by irequent little pinchings abort the upright growth of trees into lateral obliquities.

There are very many men so deplorably human that to keep on accusing them of an offence is sufficient to make them commit if. They will in time live down to any moral standard that may be fixed for them by women, the women who love them, and, like the oystors, alternately tickled and irritated by the grains of sand which the Chiness drop into them, will grow to forgot their natures altogether.

No woman can be quite so miserable as she who loves only one man at a lime, for the time she loves him, and toing unable to absorb all her own unhappiness, she persists in offering him half of it. Because she is so insanely lealous of his time and his society, she will, for the sweet love she had of him," waste the sne and try to engross the other, until she forments him from innocence into artiflee, and from artiflee into revolt; and so in the sad end of it she can say, "I knew I was right all the time." Does the discovery break her heart? Not a bit of it. Women who love at this high pressure do not break their hearis. They start—after a pause to repair damages, and to make a collection, as it were, of neighborly sympathies—loving again, somebody eise. Such women, in the extremity of their affection for him, will throw vitriol in a man's face; will poison him with dipapers—murder him. Be it is not good for a woman to love severely; neither good for him nor for her. The sensible man, when he sees it coming, will put up the hurricane shutters, back engines, skid the wheels, throw salt in the fire—do anything, in fact, that will meet the emergency, slacken speed or reduce the fire up, the rest that he was so cold that he put the fire out. Either of which procedures was sufficient

SHE TRADES ON HER UGLINESS.

The Newest of the Parisian Concert Hall Girls Who Likes to Look Hideous. Paquerette is the freshest subject of discusdon wherever the men of the town congregate. She is a performer from Paris who is now at Tony Pastor's Theatre. Beyond that it is not easy to define what she is. To use an old-fashioned expression. "The pattern was broken when she was originated." She is, doubtless, the only woman in town who is entirely indifferent to her charms and appearance. She is the only woman now on the stage in this country who tries to make herself as unprepossessing and even repellant as possible. She might easily hide her physical peculiarities, but she makes the most of them. She intrudes and exaggerates every physical defect she possesses: and she poswho does not use them to make money. Grotesque, eccentric, and extravagant to a de-

gree, she draws the crowds and sends them away to talk about her everywhere. She first appears as a girl in a short smock playing a trombone. She wears a high paper soldier cap, a red calico dress, with its waistband under her arms and its hem above her knees. Her knees are a knotty pair of joints, clad in white stockings that show her long legs to be muscular, but unshapely and elender. Her arms are bare and so is her neck which at first appears like any one's else. She is seen to be young. Her complex-ion is rosy and her face is plump and round. Her make-up is either that of a country booby or a retroleuse, it is hard to decide which. The ragged, uneven wisps of red hair, that show below her ridiculous hat, appear to have been sawed off with a duil knife and give her an anarchistic appearance, but her well-fed air and her habit of smiling sweetly make her seem a caricature upon a country lout. Upon her hands she wears big. loose, white cotton gloves, and these increase the apparent size of her hands, which are enormous. She sings hilarlously in French and marches about be-hind her trombons.

gloves, and these increase the apparent size of her hands, which are enormous. She sings hilarlously in French and marches about behind her trombone.

As she sings she twists her mouth—which is enormous—first under one ear then under the other. She lixes her eyes so as to look crosseyed. She hangs her lower law so as to appear an idiot, but all the time, like lightning, she keeps returning to her natural expression, which is that of a very merry, intelligent, healthy girl. When she gets rid of her trombone she marches like an imbeelle or a What-is-it, with her gnaried knees knocking together and her toes turned in. And she thrusts out her arms until they look impossibly long and awkward. At the ends of them are her queer big hands, that are altogether out of proportion, like what the tailors call misfits.

All of a sudden, while she is singing a most boisterous song, she reaches all the way around herself with her right hand and scratches her waist in front and on the right side, as if her arm was a raw, red-looking scrpent that had colled around her. Presently she puts her left hand around herself in the same way. She can do this because her arms are very long and because she has no bust to get in the way. Where her bust ought to be she is flatter than her own back.

She laughs when she does things—a merry, girish laugh. When she laughs naturally, without distorting her face, she is seen to have a very preposessing, amiable, and bright face. At last she walks off the stage. As she does so she folds her arms and turns she can put her hands on her back as well as the rest of us can press ours against our cheets. Her long arms behave as any one's would, but she is so flat chested and there is so much of her beyond her wrists that she can flatten her palms on her own back. The effect is so strange that it is difficult to tell whether it is her hands or her head that are on the wong side, and the audience is in douot whether she is walking forward or backward. In response to an encore, she responses still in her br

Millions of Housekeepers

RE daily test-

ing Royal Baking Powder by that most infallible of all tests, the test of practical use. They find it goes further, makes lighter, sweeter, finer-flavored, purer and more wholesome food than any other, and is always uniform in its work.

Its great qualities, thus proven, are the cause of its wonderful popularity, its sale being greater than that of all other cream of tartar baking powders combined.

costume of yellow above her white stockings. Then she gives the audience ten minutes more of her grotesquery, and in the course of it she lengthens her neck in some way and then draws it in so that every organ and particle of flesh that was in it seems to have gone, and it falls in against her spine like an empty bag. Finally, her womanliness becomes dominant during a moment in which she tears off her wig and shows hers-if to be a plump, young black-haired French girl.

SHE DROPPED HER MITTEN, and Was Angry Because the Deaf Old Man Misunderstood Her.

From the Chicago News-Record. It was just 6 o'clock, and the car was packed with people going home. She carried some bundles, and in her efforts

to handle them and save them from crushing she dropped her mitten. She saw it go, but was powerless to stay its descent, and it went

was powerless to stay its descent, and it went down in successive stages in a triangular space between herself, a man who looked over her head, and an individual who was deaf.

"There goes my mitten!"

The deaf man leaned over and said: "Eh?"

"My mitten—mitten—it fell down."

"Well, ye can't git it, mum. Y'il have to wait till the ear gits to the end of the line, so the conductor kin pull up the floor."

"I'll do nothing of the kind. Besides, I ain't goin' to have all these people waikin' on it for half an hour.

"Haven't ye got another one?" said the deaf man.

it for half an hour.

"Haven't ye got another one?" said the deaf man.

"Course I've got another one," and she wiggled the hand encased in her other mitten.

The deaf man saw the movement, and knowing that women often carry car fare inside their hand coverings, reached over and pulled her mitten off for her.

Then she screamed.

The conductor was the only man who could edge his way to the scene of trouble.

"What's the matter here!"

"Lady dropped her nickel, and can't pick it up," said the deaf man.

"Didn't drop my nickel—dropped my mitten," said the lady with the packages.

"Said she had another one," pursued the deaf man, "but she lied."

"Vou're an old door post," said the woman with one mitten.

"Queer how folks go travelin' about town with only one nickel." said the deaf man, "the woman with only one nickel." said the deaf man, "They get along better'n people with no ears," said the woman who didn't drop her nickel."

"Was that all the money yer husband give

ears," said the woman who didn't drop her nickel.

"Was that all the money yer husband give ye?" asked the deaf man in a tone of sympathy. "He must be a regul'r bruto."

"If he was here now he'd ent you up."

"I a pose them's collars and cuffs she'g been' doin' up and is goin' to deliver'em." said the deaf man to the lassengers.

Then the conductor said "Fare, please," and the woman gave up a nickel that she had been carrying in her mouth.

"Thought it was in yer mitten," said the deaf man.

deaf man. "You don't know how to think," said the "You don't know how to write a woman." Wonder why she didn't carry 'em both in her mouth?" said the deaf man.
You ough! to stuff both your own mittens in yer mouth," said the woman.
"Ain't ye afraid ye'll swaller yer nickel that way some time?" asked the deaf man.
"If I do I reckon it won't injure my hearin'."
said the woman.

said the woman.

Then the conductor got down on the floor and recovered the woman's mitten and she got off at the next crossing, wondering why some people didn't carry ear trumpets.

The deaf man said, by way of enlightening the other passengers: "I guess it was her mitten instead of her nickel that she dropped."

Sought a Pension and Found Her Husband, From the St. Louis Girlen Democrat.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 25.—After a separation of

twenty-five years, during which time each thought the other dead, George W. Davenport and his wife have become reunited through a letter from Pension Commissioner Raum. Davenport and his wife were married in this city on June 19, 1836. A year and a half later the husband departed for the West to seek a fortune. Shortly after Davenport's departure he received a letter from a friend conveying the news of his wife's death some time before, and stating that the body had been buried and stating that the body had been buried by relatives. The husband did not doubt the authenticity of his friend's announcement, and as he had no near relatives in this city he never returned. Mrs. Davennert, failing to hear from her husband, sought high and low for him for several years, and then sorrowfully arrived at the conclusion that he was no longer in the land of the living. The missing man is a veteran of the civil war. He callsted in Company C of the Elghteenth Missourt. At Shiloh he was badly wounded. After leaving the city he went to Texas. At Fort Worth he served nas a deputy marshal four years. He was a deputy sheriff of Tarrant county two years, and served on the police force of Fort Worth for three years. During all this time he was receiving a soldier's nension from the Government, and to this is due the discovery that his wife was still living.

In 1889 Mrs. Davennort was persuaded by friends to apply for a widow's pension. When the application was placed on the the Pension Commissioner discovered that the man whom she represented as her deceased husband was still alive and drawing a reasion. After a lengthy investigation the Commissioner communicated this discovery to the supposed widow. Mrs. Davennort was overloyed, and made an effort to communicate with he rhusband. He had in the mean time left the Lone Star State and had taken up a claim in Oklahom Territory, but Commissioner Raum finally succeeded in reaching him by letter, Immediately upon receipt of the good news Mr. Davenport be daim and returned to Louisville, whore he was met by his wife.



lesson Cooking

Two Cupfuls of Hecker's Self-Raising Buckwheat, Two Cupfuls of Cold Water, Stir a few times, Bake on a hot griddle.

Takes about a Minute.